THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, October 1, 1792.

Expoſition of the Motives on which the French National Aſſembly have proclaimed the Convocation of a National Convention, and pronounced the Suſpenſion of the Executive Power in the Hands of the King.

(*Concluded from Page* 277.)

THE application of the refuſal of ſanction to decrees rendered neceſſary by circumſtances, of which the execution ought to have been prompt, and muſt ſtop with the decrees, was regarded in the general opinion, as an interpretation of the conſtitutional act, contrary to liberty, and even to the ſpirit of the conſtitution. The agitation of the people of Paris, became extreme; an immenſe crowd of citizens joined to form a petition; in it they ſolicited the recal of the patriotic Miniſters, and the retractation of the refuſal to ſanction the decrees in favour of which the public opinion had been loudly declared. They deſired leave to paſs in arms before the National Aſſembly after their deputies had read the petition. This leave, which other armed bodies had obtained, was granted them. They deſired to preſent the ſame petition to the King, and to preſent it under the forms eſtabliſhed by the law; but at the moment when municipal officers were coming to inform them, that their deputies, who had been refuſed at firſt, were going to be admitted, the gate was opened, and the crowd ruſhed into the palace. The zeal of the Mayor of Paris, the aſcendency which his virtues and his patriotiſm give him over the minds of the citizens, the preſence of the repreſentatives of the

people, of whom successive deputations constantly surrounded the King, prevented all serious disorders, and few assemblages so numerous ever gave occasion to less disorder of any kind.

The King had mounted the ensigns of liberty, he had done justice to the citizens by declaring, that he thought himself in safety in the midst of them; the day of the federation was approaching; citizens from all the Departments were to repair to Paris, there to swear to maintain that liberty for which they were going to fight on the frontiers; and all might still have been repaired. But the Ministers saw nothing in the events of the 20th of June, but a favourable occasion for sowing division between the inhabitants of Paris, and those of the Departments, between the people and the army, between the several portions of the National Guard, between the citizens who remained at their homes and those who were flying to the defence of the state. The very next day the King changed his language, a proclamation, full of calumny, was profusely distributed among the armies; one of their Generals came in the name of that which he commanded, to demand vengeance, and to point out his victims. A considerable number of directories of departments, by unconstitutional resolutions, disclosed the plan they had long before formed, of raising themselves into a sort of intermediate power between the people and their representatives; between the National Assembly and the King. Justices of the Peace commenced, in the very palace of the Thuilleries, a dark procedure, in which it was hoped to involve those of the patriots, whose vigilance and whose talents were the most dreaded. Already one of these Justices had attempted to infringe the inviolability of the representatives of the people, and every thing announced a plan dexterously concerted for finding, in the judicial order, the means of giving an arbitrary extension to the royal authority. Letters from the Minister for the Home Department directed the employing of force against the federates, who might wish to take at Paris the oath to fight for liberty; and it required all the activity of the National Assembly, all the patriotism of the army, all the zeal of the enlightened citizens, to prevent the fatal effects of this plan of disorganization, which might have lighted up the flames of civil war. An emotion of patriotism had extinguished in fraternal union the divisions that had appeared but too often in the National Assembly, and from this also the means of safety might have sprung. The prosecutions commenced by the King's order, at the instance of the Intendant of the Civil List, might have been stopped. The virtuous Pethion, punished by an unjust

just suspension, for having spared the blood of the people, might have been reinstated by the King; and it was possible, that this long series of faults and treasons might have fallen again entirely upon those perfidious counsellors, to whom a confiding people had the long habit of attributing all the crimes of our Kings.

The National Assembly then saw, that the safety of the country required extraordinary measures.

They opened a discussion on the means of saving their country; they instituted a commission charged to consider of and prepare a plan of these means.

The declaration that the country is in danger, called all the citizens to the common defence, all persons in public trust to their posts, and yet in the midst of complaints unceasingly repeated of the inaction of government, on the neglect, or ill management of the preparations for war, on the useless or dangerous motions of the armies, the avowed object of which was to favour the political plans of one of the Generals, Ministers unknown or suspected were seen to succeed one another rapidly, and to present, under new names, the same inactivity, and the same principles.

A declaration of the General of the enemy, which doomed to death all freemen, and promised to cowards and traitors his disgraceful protection, could not but add to these suspicions.—In it the enemy of France seemed to attend to nothing but the defence of the King of the French. Twenty-six millions of men were nothing in his estimation, in comparison of a privileged family; their blood must wet the earth to avenge the slightest insult; and the King, instead of expressing his indignation against a manifesto intended to take from him the confidence of the people, seemed to oppose to it, and that reluctantly, a cold and timid disavowal.

Who then can be astonished that distrust in the supreme head of the Executive Power should inspire citizens with the desire of no longer seeing the forces intended for the common defence at the disposition of a King, in whose name France was attacked, and the care of maintaining her internal tranquillity, confided to him whose interests were the pretexts of all her troubles? To these motives, common to all France, were joined others particular in the inhabitants of Paris. They saw the families of the conspirators at Coblentz forming the habitual society of the King and his family. Writers paid by the civil list endeavoured by base calumnies to render the Parisians odious or suspected in the eyes of the rest of France.

 Attempts

Attempts were made to sow division between the poor citizens and the rich; the National Guard was agitated by perfidious manœuvres, in order to form in it a party of royalists. In fine, the enemies of liberty seemed to be divided between Paris and Coblentz, and their audacity increased with their number.

The constitution enjoined the King to give notice of imminent hostilities to the National Assembly; and long solicitations were necessary to obtain of the Ministry the tardy information of the march of the Prussian troops. The constitution pronounced abdication against the King if he did not, by some formal act, declare his opposition to enterprizes undertaken in his name against the nation; and the emigrant Princes had opened public loans in the King's name, had hired foreign troops in his name, had levied French regiments in his name, had formed a military household for him out of France; and these facts were known for more than six month's before the King, whose public declarations, whose remonstrances with foreign powers might have hindered the success of these measures, had discharged the duty imposed upon him by the constitution.

It was on motives thus powerful that numerous petitions, sent from a great number of the departments, the wish of several sections of Paris, followed by the general expression of the wish of the whole Commons, solicited the forfeiture of the King, or the suspension of the royal power, and the National Assembly could no longer shrink from the examination of this grand question.

It was their duty not to decide but after a mature and well-considered examination, after a solemn discussion, after having heard and weighed all opinions. But the patience of the people was exhausted; all at once, they appeared united as one man in the same will; they marched towards the place of the King's residence, and the King came to seek an asylum in the Assembly of the Representatives of the people, whose seat he knew that the fraternal union of the inhabitants of Paris, with the citizens of the departments, would always render an asylum inviolable and sacred.

National Guards had been charged with defending the residence which the King had abandoned, but with them Swiss soldiers were stationed. The people had long seen, with painful surprise, Swiss battalions sharing the guard of the King, although the constitution did not allow him to have a foreign guard. It had long been easy to foresee that this direct violation of the law, which by its nature constantly obtruded itself on every eye, would sooner or later occasion great misfortunes.

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The National Aſſembly had neglected nothing to prevent them. Reports, diſcuſſions, motions made by individual Members and referred to Committees, had apprized the King ſeveral months before of the neceſſity of diſmiſſing from about his perſon men, whom every where elſe the French always regarded as friends and brothers, but whom they could not ſee retained about a conſtitutional King, in direct contradiction to the conſtitution, without ſuſpecting that they had become the inſtruments of the enemies of their liberty.

A decree had ordered their removal; their Commander, ſupported by the Miniſtry, demanded changes in that decree; the National Aſſembly conſented to thoſe changes. A part of the ſoldiers was to remain near Paris, but without doing any duty that might renew diſquiets; and it was contrary to the ſenſe of the National Aſſembly, contrary to the law, that on the 10th of Auguſt they were employed on a ſervice, from which every motive of humanity and prudence ought to have kept them away, they received orders to fire on the armed citizens, at the inſtant when the latter were inviting them to peace, when unequivocal ſigns of fraternity announced that peace was going to be accepted—at the inſtant when a Deputation of the National Aſſembly was ſeen advancing in the midſt of arms, to ſpeak the words of peace and conciliation, and prevent carnage. Then nothing could ſtop the vengeance of the people, who had thus proof of a new act of treachery, at the very moment they were coming to complain of thoſe of which they had long been the victims.

In the midſt of theſe diſaſters, the National Aſſembly, afflicted but calm, took the oath to maintain equality and liberty, or to die at their poſt; they took the oath to ſave France, and they ſought for the means.

They ſaw but one, which was that of recurring to the will ſupreme of the people, and inviting them to exerciſe immediately their inalienable right of ſovereignty, which the Conſtitution has recognized, and which it could not ſubject to any reſtriction. The public intereſt required that the people ſhould manifeſt their will by the ſenſe of a National Convention, formed of repreſentatives inveſted by them with unlimited powers; it required no leſs that the Members of this Convention ſhould be elected in each Department in a uniform manner, and according to a regular mode. But the National Aſſembly could not reſtrain the powers of the ſovereign people, from whom alone the members of that Aſſembly hold all the powers they poſſeſs. They were bound to confine themſelves

ſelves to conjuring the people, in the name of their country, to follow the ſimple regulations traced out for them. In theſe, the forms inſtituted for elections were reſpected, becauſe the eſtabliſhment of new forms, even ſuppoſing them to have been better, would have been a ſource of delay, perhaps of diviſion. They preſerved in them none of the conditions of eligibility, none of the limitations of the right of election or being elected, eſtabliſhed by the former laws, becauſe theſe laws, which are ſo many reſtrictions on the exerciſe of the right of ſovereignty, are not applicable to a national convention, in which this right ought to be exerciſed with complete independance. The diſtinction of active citizens appears not in theſe regulations, becauſe it is alſo a reſtriction of the law. The only conditions required are thoſe which nature has preſcribed, ſuch as the neceſſity of being connected, by a fixed reſidence, with the territory for which the right of citizenſhip is exerciſed, of having attained the age at which men are held by the laws of the nation of which they make a part, to be in a condition to exerciſe their perſonal rights; finally, of having preſerved abſolute independence of will.

But to aſſemble new repreſentatives of the people required time; and although the National Aſſembly have made as ſhort as poſſible the periods of the operations which the Convention made neceſſary; although they accelerated the period at which they muſt ceaſe to bear the burden of the public weal, in ſuch a manner as to avoid the leaſt ſuſpicion of ambitious views; the term of forty days would ſtill have expoſed the country to great misfortunes, and the people to dangerous commotions, if to the King had been left the exerciſe of the powers conferred upon him by the Conſtitution; and the ſuſpenſion of theſe powers appeared to the repreſentatives of the people the only means of ſaving France and liberty.

In pronouncing this neceſſary ſuſpenſion, the Aſſembly have not exceeded their powers. The Conſtitution authorizes them to pronounce it in the caſe of the abſence of the King, when the term at which this abſence incurs a legal abdication is not yet arrived, that is to ſay, in the caſe in which there is not yet ground for a definitive reſolution, but in which a proviſional act of rigour is evidently neceſſary, in which it would be abſurd to leave the power in hands which could no longer make a free and beneficial uſe of it. In the preſent inſtance, then, theſe conditions are as evidently united as in the caſe provided for by the Conſtitution, and in conducting ourſelves by the

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principle which the Conſtitution has pointed out, we have obeyed it—far from having infringed it contrary to our oaths.

The Conſtitution foreſaw, that all accumulation of powers was dangerous, and might change into tyrants of the people thoſe who ought to be only their repreſentatives; but it judged alſo, that this danger ſuppoſed a long exerciſe of this extraordinary power, and the term of two months is that which it has fixed for all caſes in which it permits this union of powers, which in all other caſes it has ſo rigorouſly proſcribed.

The National Aſſembly, far from extending this term, has reduced it to forty days only; and far from exceeding the period fixed by the law on the plea of neceſſity, they have brought themſelves within the narroweſt limits.

When the power of ſanctioning the laws is ſuſpended, the Conſtitution has pronounced, that the decrees of the Legiſlative Body ſhall have of themſelves the character and authority of laws; and ſince he, to whom the Conſtitution gave the choice of Miniſters, could no longer exerciſe his functions, it was neceſſary that a new law ſhould put the choice into other hands. The Aſſembly conferred the right on themſelves, becauſe this right could not be given but to electors who belonged to the whole nation, and becauſe they alone have that character at preſent. But they were careful to avoid giving ground for the ſuſpicion that, in conferring this power on themſelves, they ſought to gratify ambitious or perſonal views; they decreed, that the election ſhould be made aloud, that each of them ſhould pronounce his choice in preſence of the national repreſentation, in preſence of the numerous citizens who attended their ſittings. They took care that each of their own body ſhould have his colleagues for his judges, the public for a witneſs, and ſhould anſwer for his choice to the whole nation.

Frenchmen, let us unite all our forces againſt the foreign tyranny which dares to threaten with its vengeance twenty-ſix millions of free-men. Within ſix weeks a power, which every citizen acknowledges, will pronounce on our diviſions: Woe to the man who liſtening, during this ſhort interval, to perſonal ſentiments, ſhall not devote himſelf wholly to the common defence, who ſhall not ſee, that at the moment when the ſovereign will of the people is about to ſpeak, we have no enemies but the conſpirators of Pilnitz, and their accomplices.

It is in the midſt of a foreign war, at the moment when numerous armies are preparing for a formidable invaſion, that we call upon the citizens to diſcuſs in a peaceable Aſſembly the rights of liberty. That which would have appeared raſh

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among any other people, ſeemed to us not above the courage and the patriotiſm of the French; and undoubtedly we ſhall not have the misfortune of finding ourſelves deceived in judging you worthy to forget every other intereſt but that of liberty, of ſacrificing every other ſentiment to the love of your country.

Citizens, it is for you to judge, if your repreſentatives have exerciſed for your good the powers you have confided to them, if they have acted according to your wiſhes in making a uſe of their powers, which neither they nor you could foreſee to be neceſſary. For us, we have diſcharged our duty in ſeizing with courage on the only means of preſerving liberty that occurred to our conſideration. Ready to die for it at the poſt in which you have placed us, we ſhall carry with us, at leaſt, on quitting that poſt, the conſolation of having maintained it faithfully.

Whatever judgment our contemporaries or poſterity may paſs upon us, we ſhall not have to dread that of our own conſciences; to whatever danger we may be expoſed, the happineſs will remain to us of having ſpared the torrents of French blood which a conduct more weak would have made to flow; we ſhall be ſpared remorſe at leaſt; nor ſhall we have to reproach ourſelves with having ſeen a means of ſaving our country, and not having dared to embrace it.

(Signed) GUADET, Preſident.
GOUJON. G. ROMME, MARANS, CRESTIN, ARENA
LECOINTE-PUIRAVAUX, Secretaries.

The PRETTY VILLAGER;

A TALE.

IN a village, on the borders of Leiceſterſhire, lived Mr. Fallow, one of thoſe ſingular, but valuable characters, an honeſt, open-hearted farmer, happy in himſelf, and happy in his connections. He occupied a farm of his own about the value, had it been let out, of fourſcore pounds a year; but, through the good management of its owner, it was much more productive. It was ſufficient to give him a degree of conſequence among his neighbours. He had married the daughter of a farmer in the ſame village, whoſe recommendation was, rather her ſkill in the care of a dairy, than her portion. By her he had four ſons and four daughters; the boys, like himſelf, hearty and induſtrious; the daughters, like their mother, healthy, florid,

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and notable; one alone excepted (the heroine of our tale) who appeared to be of a more exalted nature than the reſt.

It may not be improper here to mention ſome traits of Farmer Fallow's character, which will ſerve to make our readers the better acquainted with him. As his family increaſed, he did not view that circumſtance with an attention only to the accumulating expence, as is ſometimes the caſe; on the contrary, whenever the birth of a ſon or daughter was announced to him, his uſual exclamation was, "Well! thank God! the more the merrier." And at the ſame time he uſed to obſerve, that the more his family increaſed, the more prolific his cattle were, and the more abundant his crops.

The youngeſt of his daughters, whoſe name was Lucinda, excelled all the reſt in the beauty of her perſon and the endowments of her mind. To a lovely face, in which the lily and the roſe were duly combined, nature had added a gracefulneſs of perſon that is not often to be met with in the rank wherein ſhe was born, or to be expected from the appearance of her parents. An air of gentility was conſpicuous in every movement, and even by the inſtructions ſhe was able to procure in a country village, ſhe became far more accompliſhed than her ſchool-fellows.

Such was Lucinda when ſhe attained her 16th year. And with all theſe attractions it is no wonder that ſhe became, not only the darling of her parents, but the pole-ſtar to which the eyes and wiſhes of all the young ruſtics in her own and the neighbouring villages were directed. Every holiday ſaw her ſurrounded by a train of admirers, each endeavouring to engage her attention by a diſplay of his perfections. And ſhe might always have returned from the fair loaded with ribbands, and other tokens of their love, had ſhe deigned to accept them.—But theſe adulations, though they could not be totally diſpleaſing to a young mind, did not make the leaſt impreſſion on Lucinda's heart. She received them with indifference, and could not be prevailed upon to accept a preſent from any of them.

There was indeed one among them, the youngeſt ſon of a farmer of ſome opulence, (and to whom, from his reſemblance in many reſpects to Shakeſpeare's Orlando, we ſhall give that name) on whom ſhe now and then beſtowed a ſmile of approbation, and beheld his attempts to attract her notice, with complacency.

Orlando was the buck of the village. He excelled all his young companions, not only in the vigour, activity, and grace-

fulneſs of his perſon, but in his adroitneſs at every ſport and paſtime, which uſually employ the vacant hours of peaſants.—To theſe attractive qualifications there was added another, which was a ſprightly air and addreſs, that captivated the hearts of all the damſels around. There was ſcarcely one among them who did not acknowledge his ſuperiority, and ſtrive, by every winning art to ſuperſede the reſt in his affections. Orlando, however, was proof againſt their allurements; and though he appeared to encourage the hopes of each of them by a free and eaſy gallantry, he avoided a particular attachment. His time was not yet come.

Lucinda had often viewed the atchievements of Orlando with pleaſure. She always, though ſhe ſcarcely knew why, intereſted herſelf in his favour, and ſecretly rejoiced when he was victorious. His gallant manner likewiſe charmed her; and, notwithſtanding ſhe had been taught by her parents to expect a wealthier huſband, ſhe now and then deigned to ſmile at the ſallies of his wit, and his attempts to pleaſe her.

Orlando, who was an adept in every thing that led to the conqueſt of a female heart, beheld with pleaſure theſe ſparks of a kindling paſſion, and was not without hopes that time would fan it into a brighter flame. But other incidents were needful to produce this effect.

Lucinda's beauty was too reſplendent to be confined to the devoirs of her preſent admirers. The fame of it, even in its budding ſtate, found its way to the great houſe of the village, and attracted more than the notice of its proprietor, Sir Thomas Hazle, who viewed with pleaſure her ripening charms, and marked them for his own.

Sir Thomas was one of thoſe country gentlemen, that devote the greateſt part of their time to rural ſports, and by way of relaxation from this grand buſineſs of their lives, amuſe themſelves, in undermining the chaſtity of the wives and daughters of their tenants. Having always been a profeſſed debauchee, the reſtraints of virtue and decency were neither known nor acknowledged by him; he therefore was conſtantly on the watch to take advantage of innocence and ſimplicity; though ſometimes, indeed, he fell a prey to cunning and deception.

Sir Thomas had marked the beauties of Lucinda as they budded forth, and determined to make them ſubſervient to his pleaſures, when they arrived at maturity; he conſequently ſought every occaſion to enſnare her virtue. He was about the age of 50, and had been ſome years a widower, an event, which

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is ſaid to have been precipitated by his irregularities. He had two daughters, ſomewhat older than Lucinda, accompliſhed young ladies, but rather haughty in their carriage.

In order to have the readier acceſs to his devoted prey, Sir Thomas's firſt ſtep was to make a propoſal to Farmer Fallow of taking Lucinda to wait on his daughters, in the quality of attendant and humble companion. And as this could not but be conſidered by her parents both as an honour and a comfortable eſtabliſhment, it was readily accepted by them. Lucinda, accordingly, entered upon her employment, for which ſhe was not unqualified.

Her ſituation, however, did not prove ſo agreeable as ſhe had hoped; for though the Miſs Hazles were accompliſhed young ladies, yet, as in reſpect of perſonal charms, they fell far ſhort of their attendant, on whom, inſtead of themſelves, every eye was rivetted when they happened to be together, they could not ſuppreſs the envious ſenſations which upon theſe occaſions aroſe in their mind. Their behaviour therefore to her, after ſhe became ſettled in the family, was accompanied with ſo much haughtineſs as rendered her ſtate far from agreeable. The behaviour of Sir Thomas, at the ſame time, was no leſs irkſome to her. Having thus got her under his roof, he omitted no opportunity of putting in practice all the arts and wiles that a man ſkilled in deception and intrigue was capable of.

Though Lucinda, from her reſidence in an obſcure village, had acquired but little knowledge of the world, ſhe was ſoon able to perceive the purpoſes of the Baronet, (who, indeed, pluming himſelf on his ſuperior ſituation, took but little pains to conceal them) and determined to exert all her prudence and foreſight to circumvent them.

Sir Thomas being wearied out with reſiſtance, to which he had not been accuſtomed, formed the reſolution of taking by force, whenever it ſhould be in his power, what he could not obtain by intreaty; an accident ſoon furniſhed him with as favourable an opportunity for the accompliſhment of his wiſhes as he could himſelf have contrived.

(*To be continued.*)

AN ANECDOTE.

THE Protector Richard Cromwell was not very converſant in public buſineſs; but this could not be expected, both from his inattention to it, and the little experience it was in

in his power to acquire, as he was almoſt totally excluded from the affairs of government during his father's life. While he retained his elevated rank, it is certain he was not looked upon in that deſpicable light his enemies pretend. The counties and towns, nay the three kingdoms, ſtrove which ſhould be moſt laviſh in his praiſes, and in profeſſing their attachment to his government. Foreign powers alſo paid him their congratulations in a flattering manner; and ſeveral of our Engliſh commanders, celebrated for their ſkill in the military art, did not think it beneath them to accept the honour of knighthood from his hands. Nor did he want capacity, as repreſented. There are facts which prove the contrary. In his anſwer to the French Ambaſſador's condolence, and congratulation on his acceſſion, he is ſaid to have "carried himſelf diſcreetly, and better than was expected," and his ſpeech to his Parliament is allowed to be ſuperior to that of his Chancellor, though the latter was confeſſedly a perſon of abilities. It has alſo been ſaid, that he wanted ſpirit and delicacy of feeling, and that he tamely gave up his power; but this certainly is only a popular miſtake; for when the army deſerted him, ſeeing Whalley's regiment of horſe filing off with the reſt, he opened his breaſt, and deſired them to put an end to his life and misfortunes at once. And when the perfidious Fleetwood, Diſbrowe, and others, endeavoured to perſuade him to diſſolve his Parliament, nay threatened him if he did not, he withſtood all their arguments, their threats, and their ſolicitations, until the next morning, though he had none near him to ſupport his arguments and firmneſs, except Secretary Thurlowe. Neither was he wanting in a proper ſenſibility of the inconſtancy of the nation, when he was obliged to leave Whitehall. As his ſervants were removing the furniture, he bid them be very careful of two old trunks which ſtood in the wardrobe. A friend that was near, ſurpriſed at this extraordinary care, aſked what they contained? "Nothing leſs," replied Richard, "than the lives and fortunes of all the good people of England." The trunks were filled with addreſſes which had been ſent from every part of the kingdom, expreſſing that the ſalvation of the nation depended on his ſafety, and his acceptance of the ſovereignty; nearly all of them proffer him their lives and fortunes, and ſeveral of them ſubjoin, "all that is dear to us." During the laſt years of his life, no perſons were permitted to viſit him but ſuch as had ſtrong recommendations from ſome of his old acquaintance, as being of agreeable cheerful converſation, and of ſtrict honour. Upon the introduction of any new acquaintance whom they recommended,

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the following ceremony was always obferved: after having paffed an hour or two in converfation and drinking, Richard, ftarting up, took the candle, and the reft of the company (who all knew, except the laft admitted man, what was going forward) took up the bottle and the glaffes, and followed the quondam Protector to a dirty garret, in which nothing was to be feen but a little round hair trunk. Mr. Cromwell, having drawn the trunk into the middle of the room, and being feated aftride it, then called for a bumper of wine, with which he drank profperity to Old England; all the company did the fame, and laft of all the new member, who is defired by Richard to take care and fit light, for he had no lefs than the lives and fortunes of all the good people of England under him. The trunk was then opened, and the original addreffes, before mentioned, fhewn to him with great mirth and laughter. This was his ufual method of initiating a new acquaintance.

Account of the late ingenious Dr. Blacklock.

THIS excellent divine and poet of Scotland, whom the Rev. Mr. Spence has defcribed as " one of the moft extraordinary characters that has appeared in this or any other age," was born at Annan, in the county of Annandale, in Scotland, in the year 1721. His parents were natives of Cumberland, in which county his paternal anceftors had lived from time immemorial. They generally followed agriculture, and were diftinguifhed by a degree of knowledge and humanity above their fphere. His father, who had been in good circumftances, but who had been reduced by a feries of misfortunes, was a poor tradefman at Annan. His mother was the daughter of Mr. Richard Roe, who dealt extenfively in cattle, which was a confiderable bufinefs in the north, and was much efteemed by all his connections, as a man of fortune, character, and confequence.—Young Blacklock, before he was fix years old, was totally deprived of his fight by the fmall-pox. His father (who, by his fon's account of him, muft have been a particularly good man) had intended to bring him up to his own, or fome other trade; but as this misfortune rendered him incapable of any, all that this worthy parent could do, was to fhew the utmoft attention to him, in this unhappy fituation. This left fuch an indelible impreffion on the mind of his fon, that he mentioned it, ever after, with the greateft warmth of gratitude

gratitude and affection. Of this he has given a very ſtriking proof in his poems. What was wanting to this poor youth, from the loſs of his ſight, and the narrowneſs of his fortune, ſeems to have been compenſated to him by the goodneſs of his heart and the capacities of his mind. It was very early that he ſhewed a ſtrong inclination to poetry in particular. His father, and a few other friends, uſed often to read, to divert him; and, among the reſt, they read ſeveral paſſages out of ſome of our poets. Theſe were his chief entertainment and delight. He heard them, not only with uncommon pleaſure, but with a ſort of congenial enthuſiaſm; and, from loving and admiring them ſo much, he ſoon began to endeavour to imitate them. Among theſe early eſſays of his genius, there is one inſerted in his works, which was compoſed when he was only twelve years old, and has ſomething very pretty in the turn of it, and very promiſing for one of ſuch a tender age. Indeed, it is obſervable, that there have been few of our moſt eminent poets, who have not given very early proofs of their genius this way; a quick and promiſing bloſſom preindicating, as it were, the abundance and excellence of the fruit which their maturity affords.

In 1740, Mr. Blacklock's father having been informed, that a kiln, belonging to a ſon-in-law of his, was giving way, his ſolicitude for his intereſt made him venture in below the ribs, to ſee where the failure lay; when the principal beam coming down upon him, with eighty buſhels of malt, he was inſtantly cruſhed to death.

When this melancholy event happened, Mr. Blacklock had juſt attained his nineteenth year; and as the loſs of his good father occaſioned his falling into more hands than he had been accuſtomed to before, he began, by degrees, to be more talked of, and his extraordinary talents to be better known. About a year after, he was ſent for to Edinburgh by Dr. Stevenſon, a man of taſte, and one of the phyſicians of that city, who had the goodneſs to ſupply him with every thing neceſſary for his living and ſtudying in the Univerſity. Mr. Blacklock juſtly conſidered this gentleman as his Mæcenas; and the firſt poem in his works, was a tribute of gratitude, which he addreſſed to him, in imitation of the firſt Ode of Horace, by which the Roman bard has immortalized his illuſtrious patron.

Mr. Blacklock ſtudied at Edinburgh ten years; in which time he not only acquired great knowledge in the Greek, Latin, and French languages, but made a conſiderable progreſs alſo in all the ſciences. What was ſtill more extraordinary, he

attained

attained great excellence in poetry; although the chief inlets to poetical ideas were closed up to him, and all the visible beauties of the creation had been long blotted from his memory. How far he contrived, by the uncommon force of his genius, to compensate for this vast defect; with what elegance and harmony he often wrote; with how much propriety, sense, and emotion, it is as easy to perceive, on reading his poems, as it is difficult to account for it. Considered in either of these lights, he must be allowed to have an extraordinary share of merit: But if thoroughly considered in all together, we may be allowed to say, with his friend the late celebrated Mr. Hume, that he must be regarded as a prodigy.

Mr. Hume, also, speaking of his moral character, observed, that "his modesty was equal to the goodness of his disposition and the beauty of his genius;" and Mr. Spence, speaking of the pieces which Dr. Blacklock would not suffer to be printed, observes, that they abound with so many poetical beauties, that nothing could do him greater honour. "But I must except," continues Mr. Spence, "his private character, which, were it more generally known, would recommend him more to the public esteem than the united talents of an accomplished writer."—Among his virtues, one, not the least to be admired, was his contentedness under the humble circumstances of his birth and situation, the narrowness of his fortune, and the loss of his sight, with his consequent incapacity of relieving or subsisting himself. Each of these affecting circumstances, however, we must suppose him, to mention feelingly, although without repining, in different parts of his poems. But as the loss of sight was the most affecting circumstance, and, indeed, in some measure, characteristic of his situation, it is not to be wondered at, that he dwells particularly upon it. Thus, in one of his pieces:

From these intrusive thoughts all pleasure flies,
And leaves my soul benighted, like my eyes.

In a poem, entitled "A Soliloquy," he likewise thus laments this loss:

To me these fair vicissitudes are lost,
And grace and beauty blotted from my view,
The verdant vale, the mountains, woods, and streams
One horrid blank appear. The young-ey'd spring;
Effulgent summer; autumn deck'd in wealth,
To bless the toiling hind; and winter grand,

With

With rapid ſtorms, revolve in vain for me:
Nor the bright ſun, nor all-embracing arch
Of Heaven, ſhall e'er theſe wretched orbs behold.
Wide o'er my proſpect rueful darkneſs breathes
Her inauſpicious vapour: In whoſe ſhade
Fear, grief, and anguiſh, natives of her reign,
In ſocial ſadneſs gloomy vigils keep:
With them I walk, with them ſtill doom'd to ſhare
Eternal blackneſs, without hope of dawn.

In the ſame melancholy piece (which appears to have been written when his ſpirits were greatly depreſſed, under the impreſſion of the narrow eſcape which he had had from falling into a well) he feelingly expreſſes his dread of coming to extreme want. But his good ſenſe, aided by the conſolatory views of religion, enabled him to riſe ſuperior to theſe apprehenſions; and, indeed, in this very poem, he ſeemed to have a gleam of light fall in upon his mind; and he recovered himſelf ſufficiently to expreſs his confidence, that the care of Providence which had hitherto protected him, would diſſipate every cloud. In the concluſion of the ſame piece, he ſhewed, not only that he was ſatisfied with his condition, but that he could diſcover ſome very great bleſſings in it; and through the general courſe of his other poems, we may diſcover ſuch a juſtneſs of thinking concerning the things of this world, and ſuch an eaſy and contented turn of mind, as every way became the Chriſtian and the philoſopher.

Theſe particulars we have extracted from Mr. Spence's account of Mr. Blacklock, already quoted. Having been firſt ſeparately publiſhed in 1754, it was afterward prefixed to a quarto edition of his poems, publiſhed by ſubſcription, under the patronage of that gentleman. By this publication, a conſiderable ſum of money was obtained, and, ſoon after, our poet was fixed in an eligible ſituation in the Univerſity of Edinburgh. In his dedication of the ſecond part of his "Paracleſis" to Mr. Spence, he ſays, "It is to your kind patronage that I owe my introduction to the republic of letters, and to your benevolence, in ſome meaſure, my preſent comfortable ſituation." In 1760, he contributed ſome poems to a Scotch Collection, publiſhed at Edinburgh; and being there ſtyled the Rev. Mr. Blacklock, it appears that he had then entered into holy orders. In 1766, he obtained the degree of Doctor of Divinity; and in 1767, he publiſhed, "Paracleſis, or Conſolations deduced from natural and revealed Religion," in

two

two dissertations, 8vo. In 1768, he printed "Two Discourses on the Spirit and Evidences of Christianity," translated from the French of M. Armand. These were his principal productions. At length, after a long life, devoid indeed of variety or adventure, but constantly devoted to the most laudable pursuits, this good and ingenious man terminated his mortal existence on the 14th of July 1791, being then 70 years of age.

With regard to his poetical character, Mr. Spence has justly observed, that there is great perspicuity, neatness, and elegance of style in several of his pieces. His numbers have great ease and fluency; yet are various, and adapted to his subject, and any particular circumstances of it. He has energy, pathos, and even sublimity, according to the different nature of his theme. And though his general turn be more propense to the melancholy than to the joyous passions, he is now and then occasionally, but chastely, pleasant. He thus expresses his own passion for Urania:

Amid the cooling fragrance of the morn,
  How sweet with her through lonely fields to stray;
Her charms the loveliest landscape shall adorn,
  And add new glories to the rising day.
With her all nature shines in brightest bloom;
  The silver stream in sweeter music flows:
Odours more rich the fanning gale perfume;
  And deeper tinctures paint the spreading rose.
With her the shades of night their horror lose;
  Its deepest silence charms, if she be by:
Her voice the music of the dawn renews;
  Its lambent radiance sparkles in her eye.

This seems to be speaking of beauty with as tender and delicate emotions as if he could see the human face, which, Mr. Spence observes, is a common subject with him. But it is difficult to conceive what his precise ideas of it could resemble. Indeed, with respect to describing visible objects, it would be a curious employment to endeavour to investigate, by what conjoint, though diverse ideas, he formed his conceptions of them: For he constantly mentioned them with such propriety and emotion, that the most curious and penetrating reader, who was confined to such of his poems as do not relate to his blindness, would scarcely ever suppose this to be the case of the truly poetical author.

On Destroying Insects on Fruit-Trees.

By the Rev. Mr. SANDERS, *of Sidmouth, Devon.*

AT the request of Mr. Lamport, the following experiment, successfully made on fruit-trees last year, is now submitted to the Bath Society's consideration.

I made a strong decoction of tobacco, and the tender shoots of elder, by pouring boiling water on them; and sprinkled the trees with a small hearth brush twice a week for two or three weeks, which effectually destroyed the insects. The like was tried in the garden of one of my friends, and the leaves retained their verdure until the fall of the year.

If used early, as soon as the bud unfolds itself, it will probably prevent the fly. The effect of tobacco has been long known; and elder-water, frequently sprinkled on honeysuckles and roses, has been found to prevent insects from lodging on them. All that is new in my practice is, the mixing them together: and the reasons are obvious.

The quantity made use of was, two gallons of water, two ounces of tobacco, and three or four handfuls of elder. It may, however, be made as strong as you please, it being perfectly innocent as to the tree itself.

PRESENT STATE *of the* WOOL TRADE.

[From a Pamphlet lately published, entitled, "Wool encouraged without Exportation, &c, by a Wiltshire Clothier."]

THE reason why the farmer or wool-grower became regardless of his wool, was not from a despair of selling fine wool, but from his being enabled, by the improving state of his country (arising from its increased commerce, riches, and luxury) to make the flesh of the sheep a principal object of attention; a larger breed of sheep was therefore adopted, which naturally produced a coarser kind of wool; but finding the natural feed of the country would not maintain this new sort, he had recourse to artificial grasses and turnips, which latter is found very injurious to wool, but the farmer still made as much money from his fleece as he did before, though sold at a less price, because of the increased quantity of it; and this is still the language of every farmer of the West of England, who finds his coarse wool sell as readily as his fine formerly did;

for

for to one man who buys a coat of fine wool, there are ten at leaſt who buy inferior qualities.

I have heard an eminent wool-ſtapler ſay, that the effects of turnip-feeding are ſo pernicious to fine wool, that he can diſtinguiſh it while drawing it apart in his fingers, from its acquired harſhneſs.—This is a very ſerious conſideration.

Anecdote of the preſent Emperor of China.

DURING the late diſpute between this country and Spain, relative to the very valuable poſſeſſion of Nootka Sound, an Engliſh veſſel which had been upon a ſpeculative voyage to Kamſkatcka for furs, was by ſtreſs of weather forced into a Chineſe port, ſituated between Canton and Pekin, and there offered her furs for ſale, when an edict was ſent by the Emperor, prohibiting the importation of furs into China; the reaſon he gave for which was, that as he underſtood the Engliſh and Spaniards were going to war, for the purpoſe of enjoying the excluſive privilege of importing furs to China, he, as a lover of peace, would not ſanction war by receiving them from either.—A leſſon this, worthy the reflection of European Monarchs.

AN ANECDOTE.

DR. HOADLEY, Biſhop of Wincheſter, was a man of great worth, and of great talents; and tho' to pleaſe John Duke of Marlborough, he wrote a prologue in one night for the " Siege of Damaſcus," which was acted at Blenheim, he was of ſo ſerious a turn, and had ſuch little reliſh for theatrical matters, that when his ſon brought him in MS. his comedy of " The Suſpicious Huſband" to read, after having peruſed the whole, he coolly took notice of the miſ-ſpelling of one word in it.

Anſwer, by H. Croſs, of Exeter, to J. Chivers's Rebus, inſerted July 9.

THE initials when with care you've join'd,
HASLEM's the Daniſh iſle you'll find.

‡ We have received the like anſwer from M. Barrett jun. and T. T. S. of Exon; R. Hawkey, of Creed; and T. Joſtling, of Chard academy.

Anſwer, by T. Coumbe, of St. German's, to the Rebus, inſerted July 16.

THE upright and the faithful man
On truth doth ſet his mind,
Whilſt wicked and deceitful men
To FALSEHOOD are inclin'd.

†‡† We have received the like anſwer from Fidelio, and Curioſus, of Bath; R. Hawkey, of Creed; R. F. nigh Truro; T. T. S. and M. Barrett, of Exon; Ægon, of St. Stephen's; and J. Williams, of Truro.

Anſwer, by J. Chivers, of St. Auſtell, to J. Collins's Enigma, inſerted July 16.

A DEED is uſeful I think I may ſay,
To bind firm each party, that they mayn't go aſtray.

§†§ We have received the like anſwer from T. Taylor, of Bickington; J. Hadley, Caſtle Cary; W. H. of Dean Prior; R. Hawkey, Creed; T. Giles, Bridgewater; R. F. nigh Truro; W. Smith, Grampound; T. Walker, of Hemyock; W. Brewer, and A. Apſey, of Taunton; and H. Croſs, M. Barrett, and T. T. S. of Exon.

A REBUS, *by W. Smith, of Grampound.*

A Heathen Goddeſs firſt deſcribe;
And one of Flora's pleaſing tribe;
A Grecian champion next explain,
Who at the ſiege of Troy was ſlain;
A creeping inſect muſt be found;
A King of Lycia then expound;
The ſon of Amphitryon tell;
And laſt you'll find a lake of Hell.

Join

Join the initials right and true,
A fixed ſtar you'll bring to view.

CHARADES, *by N. Abbot.*

MY firſt frowns more diſmal than night;
But my ſecond Eliza has crown'd:
Both together with ſpeechleſs affright,
And deſpair, they the guilty aſtound.

My firſt is nothing but a name;
My ſecond's ſtill more ſmall:
My third's of ſo much ſmaller fame,
It has no name at all.

Tho' my third, like my ſecond is humble and mean,
Yet ſome ladies have made me their care;
And my firſt, which without it would never have been,
Has richly rewarded their care.

An ENIGMA, *by Orlando, near Truro.*

YE peerleſs fair! of Albion's happy iſle,
On whom the blue-ey'd goddeſs deign'd to ſmile,
My myſtic ſtrains with liſt'ning ears attend,
Nor bluſh to own a moſt obſequious friend.
When days of childiſh vanity are o'er,
And whirligigs and rattles are no more,
Then blooming Sylvia often courts my aid—
I freely lend it to oblige the maid;
By your fair hands, dear nymphs, my ſhape I own,
To young and old my perſon is well-known;
With earneſt care I pray obſerve my rule,
For conſtantly I do attend at ſchool;
Where I inſtruct the young and blooming fair,
And make them ſhine like to Minerva clear;
So be adviſ'd and uſe me in your youth,
And I'll conduct you in the way of truth;
My colour's various, as you oft have ſeen,
Is red and blue, ting'd with a lovely green;
Now, ladies, tell the world my uſe and name,
And I'll exalt you to immortal fame.

POETRY.

P O E T R Y.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

Elegiac Stanzas to the Memory of Miſs A. Coles.

IF dying innocence can claim a tear,
Or ſympathizing pity one beſtow,
Here let it drop, o'er this untimely bier,
Which many a beating breaſt hath fill'd with woe;
The radiant tints that lately ſhone ſo bright
In thoſe ſoft cheeks are now, alas! no more,
Borne to that loud, that ever bliſsful ſhore,
Where angels dwell ſecure from mortal ſight;
And there thoſe lips that once were wont to ſing,
Shall chaunt glad hymns of praiſe to Heav'n's Eternal King.

But oh! what boding anguiſh rends the ſoul
Of thy fond parents, hapleſs and forlorn!
No infant daughter now their cares controul,
Snatch'd from their arms thy deſtin'd fate they mourn!
So tender buds nipp'd by the bleak north-eaſt,
Which hurls its thundering cadence o'er the deep,
Or thro' the vales in mighty whirlwinds ſweep,
Yield their weak form to the relentleſs blaſt;
Blooming in morn, at even ſwept away,
And ſuch alas! ſweet girl! was thy ſhort-ſighted day.

Oft has thy tender prattling tongue beguil'd
The penſive moments, gliding ſlowly on;
And ah! how oft thoſe lips in accents mild,
Have charm'd the ear, and pleas'd the liſt'ning throng,
While nature's choiceſt gifts reſplendent ſhone,
And roſy health her bluſhing tints diſplay'd;
While thy fair face, in native charms array'd,
Surpaſs'd the roſe, in all its ſplendour blown;
Beauties which now to diſtant climes repair,
Nor longer waſte their ſweetneſs in a world of care.

Oft

Oft have I ſeen, with tearful eye, the yoke
Of dire affliction gall thy tender frame;
While you with reſignation felt the ſtroke,
And ſooth'd its pangs by virtue's ſacred flame.
Bleſs'd ſhade! while here thy firmneſs ſtands confeſs'd,
And every tongue proclaims thy ſufferings o'er;
The deep-ton'd bell, reſounding from each ſhore,
Tells us thy peaceful ſoul is now at reſt;
And taſting joys to virtue only given,
A place of endleſs bliſs, and happineſs in Heaven.

Wookey Hole, July 26, 1792. J. K. C.

Lines written at Aſh, in the Autumn of 1789.

THE genial influ'nce of autumnal Sol
Now gilds the ruſtic ſpire and cottage top;
Lo lucid beamings o'er the hillocks roll,
And from each thorn diſtil the gliſt'ning drop.

Already from the ſweets of downy ſleep
The chearful hopper croſs the mead is fled,
Among the twined fragrant bine to creep,
And eager pluck each little drooping head.

Already on the brow of yon deſcent
Behold the ruddy milkmaid's cheek appear;
Beacon of health, of chearfulneſs, content,
Of all ſave hateful cunning, guile, and care.

The hamlet round is rous'd, and o'er each board
The hand of providence beſpreads the ſtore
Of bounteous plenty; tho' ſimple be the hoard,
Yet ſweeter far than cities' pamper'd Lord.

For here at Aſh, dear Aſh! fair Flora's ſeat,
The gifts of nature and of friendſhip join'd;
From out the cup of life extract the ſweet,
And leave the draught of bitterneſs behind.

Say, courtiers, who in palaces reſide,
Of folly, appetite, and wealth the ſlave;
Poſſeſs you not all theſe, eke ſtately pride,
That we contemn? Poſſeſs ye ought we have?

Topſham. S.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

LINES *from* OSSIAN.

SEE meteors round the fair Comala gleam!
Her ſoul aſcends, rais'd by the moon's bright beam.
Around her from their clouds of heavenly hue
Her aged fathers turn their awful view;
Her mournful parent, Sarno, bends from high,
And fam'd Hidallan's dark enſanguin'd eye:
When ſhall that hand ariſe? When ſhall rejoice
The ſilent rocks, reſponſive to her voice?
The maids ſhall ſeek thee on the lonely plain,
Shall ſeek Comala, but ſhall ſeek in vain;
Yet ſhalt thou viſit oft their dreams of reſt,
And whiſper ſolace to their anguiſh'd breaſt:
Their melancholy ſouls thy voice ſhall cheer,
And ſoothing love to linger on their ear.
See meteors round the fair Comala gleam!
Her ſoul aſcends, rais'd by the moon's bright beam.

L.

ON HUMAN LIFE.

FROM ſunny ſcenes, from days of yore,
To hours of dark diſtreſs,
Alas! how many ſink, among
The hapleſs human race.

Thrown headlong on a guileful world,
They, artleſs, do not know,
Sincere and ſimple in themſelves
They fancy others ſo.

Hence do we find that men of worth,
Are oft to want betray'd:
Hence is the hopeful youth undone,
And hence the ruin'd maid.

The world's a wide and thorny wild,
Where many ſnares are hid;
And much of caution is requir'd
The devious wild to tread.

T. M. O.